

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 5.]

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1842.

[Vol. II. 1842.]

## Original Communications.

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—No. XIII.

CHRIST PRAYING IN THE GARDEN. BY CORREGGIO.

"He came out, and went, as he was wont, to the mount of Olives; and his disciples also followed him. And when he was at the place, he said unto them, 'Pray that ye enter not into temptation.' And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, saying, 'Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.' And there appeared unto

him an angel from heaven, strengthening him. And being in agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Such is the subject of this beautiful painting. Christ in agony, with god-like serenity, is admirably portrayed; while the words, "the will of God be done," seem to be issuing from his lips. The morning is brightening on the hills and trees, but the



CHRIST PRAYING IN THE GARDEN

supernatural radiance beaming from our Saviour subdues the light of nature, and fills the mind with awe. He is in a kneeling position, and is attended by a ministering angel. The three apostles are slumbering in the background, while in the distance a mob of armed Jews are seen hurrying to seize Jesus.

This picture is an instance of the mistakes sometimes made by the best judges. Mr. Thomas Lawrence and West pronounced it the original, and Mr. Angerstein, relying

on their judgment, gave two thousand pounds for it. The picture by Correggio, of which this is a fine and ancient copy, is in the possession of the Duke of Wellington. Allan Cunningham, when speaking of the original, says—"The central light of the picture is altogether heavenly; we never saw anything so insufferably brilliant. It haunted us round the room of Apsley House, and fairly extinguished the light of all its companions."

Antonio Allegri, called Correggio, after [No. 1122.

the place of his birth, was born in the year 1494. We have little account of his early life, yet sufficient to convince us that he was descended of poor parentage, that his education was limited, and that he had none of those advantages which contributed so much in forming the other great painters of that illustrious age. The statues of ancient Greece, the works of the established school of Rome and that of Venice, were unknown to him. We are not told how a love of art dawned upon him; but of this we are aware, that nature was his mistress, and that he became one of her favourite pupils.

His merits were noted at an early period in his native place; and the nobles of Parma and the church engaged him to paint scriptural subjects, miracles, and legends. His native district bears the reproach of giving him so little for his labour as to prevent his escape from poverty, thus denying him an opportunity of improving his skill in scientific drawing, which a visit to Rome might have effected.

The smile, the profusion of graces which he gave to his madonnas, saints, and children, have been by many considered unnatural; yet even those persons could not deny that his pencil is easy and flowing, that his pictures are characterized by a union and harmony of colours, and that his light and shade are admirable, giving an astonishing relief to the subject of the painting. Annibale Carracci, who flourished fifty years afterwards, testified his high opinion of him by studying his works in preference to any other master. This artist, when writing to his cousin, thus expresses the impression which the first sight of Correggio's paintings made upon him: "Everything which I see astonishes me, particularly the colouring and the beauty of the children: they live, breathe, and smile with so much grace and so much reality, that it is impossible to refrain from smiling and partaking of their enjoyment. My heart is ready to break with grief when I think of the unhappy fate of poor Correggio—that so wonderful a man should finish his days so miserably in a country where his talents were never known."

The works which Correggio produced are numerous, and scarcely without exception, of the highest excellence. Poor though he was, neither time nor expense was spared to render his pictures worthy of the world's applause. For such, see how he was rewarded. At Parma, he was engaged to paint the cupola of the cathedral—the subject of which is the "Assumption of the Virgin." When the work was finished—a work which has long been the admiration of every artist, for grandeur of design, for the boldness of the foreshortenings—an art which he brought to the utmost perfection

—he went to receive his payment. The canons of the church, whether through ignorance or baseness we cannot say, found fault with his work, forced him to accept the paltry sum of two hundred livres, which, to add to the indignity, was paid in copper money. To carry home this load to his indigent wife and children, he had to travel six miles. The weight of his burden, added to his chagrin at this treatment, threw him into a pleurisy, which put a termination to his life and misfortunes three days afterwards.

The world is indebted to Titian for the preservation of this magnificent work. In passing through Parma, in the suite of Charles the Fifth, he instantly repaired to examine the *chef-d'œuvre* of Correggio; and while attentively viewing it, the principal canon of the church approached, told him that such a grotesque performance was unworthy of his attention, and that it was his intention to have the whole defaced.

"Have a care of what you do!" the other exclaimed; "if I were not Titian, I certainly would wish to be Correggio."

This distinguished painter (Correggio) had a free and delightful pencil, and painted with a strength, relief, and sweetness and vivacity of colouring never exceeded. His manner of distributing light is wholly peculiar to himself, which give great force and roundness to his figures. Fuseli, in speaking of this painter, says—"The harmony and grace of Correggio are proverbial: the medium which, by breadth of gradation, unites two opposite principles, the coalition of light and darkness, by imperceptible transition, is the element of his style. This inspires his figures with grace—to this their grace is subordinate. The most appropriate, the most elegant attitudes were adopted, rejected, perhaps sacrificed to the most awkward ones, in compliance with this imperious principle—parts vanished, were absorbed, or emerged, in obedience to it. This union of a whole predominates over all that remains of him, from the vastness of his cupolas to the smallest of his oil pictures. The harmony of Correggio, though assisted by exquisite hues, was certainly independent of colour. His great organ was *chiaro scuro* in its most extensive sense. Compared with the expanse in which he floats, the effects of Lionardo da Vinci are little more than the dying ray of evening, and the concentrated flash of Giorgione discordant abruptness. The bland central light of a globe imperceptibly gliding through lucid demi-tints into rich reflected shades composes the spell of Correggio, and affects us with the soft emotions of a delicious dream."

The chief works of Correggio are widely scattered, and alike appreciated in all coun-

tries. The words of Catullus may be faithfully applied to this painter of a "never-dying name"—

"Omnibus una  
Omnes surripuit veneres."

## THE DEATH OF DARNLEY.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

### CHAPTER III.—THE BALL.

HOLYROOD was one blaze of light! Through its splendid halls swept lovely dames and richly-apparelled courtiers. On every side were seen nodding plumes and glistening jewels, whose brilliancy, dazzling as it was, scarcely equalled in lustre the eyes of those who wore them. One room there was, which excelled, by far, all the rest in magnificence. At the upper end, on a gorgeous throne, whose canopy of crimson velvet and gold bore the arms of Scotland embroidered in seed pearl, sat the queen, the goddess of the evening; and truly excusable would have been the worship which had so beautiful an object for its idol. Never had she looked more lovely than this night: it is true, her cheek was paler than its wont—but this enhanced rather than diminished her beauty; it gave to her features an ethereal cast which seemed scarcely to belong to earthly loveliness.

But how was it that, amid all this gaiety and revelry (and none loved either better than Mary), she seemed thoughtful and dejected? What, at that moment, could render her unhappy, whose presence alone diffused happiness over hundreds? Yet so it was: if she smiled at some remark made by one of the surrounding group of admiring nobles and envious ladies, the smile seemed forced—it gave a still more melancholy expression to her features. It was evident, that under the mask of assumed gaiety, she strove to conceal some anxiety which lurked at her heart, and which she found it impossible to dispel.

"Room for my Lord Bothwell!" cried the chamberlain from the door of the furthest apartment, and in a moment the proud earl was seen rapidly making his way through the crowd towards the throne.

He was splendidly habited in a rich dress of black velvet and gold, the fashion of which advantageously displayed the fine, manly form of the wearer. His long black hair fell in wavy curls over his neck and shoulders; and his flashing dark eyes seemed almost to emit light, as he bent them haughtily on the assembled nobles.

When Bothwell's name was announced by the chamberlain, a sudden change came over the features of the queen. Her cheek blushed crimson, to which, in a moment, a deadly paleness succeeded, while her flashing eye, and quivering

lip, gave token of great internal agitation.

Approaching the throne, Bothwell knelt, and respectfully kissed the hand which Mary held towards him, but, as it seemed to the bystanders, he held it longer to his lips, and pressed it more fervently, than was at all warranted by the rules of etiquette. Taking his station by the side of the throne, he commenced a conversation on various light and unimportant topics, in which the queen seemed with difficulty to maintain her part. A gay strain of music now filled the air, and the guests in the further apartments were seen preparing for the dance.

"Will not you join in the dance?" said Bothwell to the queen.

"No," answered she; "I feel unwell, and would willingly breathe the fresh air for a few minutes."

Bothwell offered his arm, and led the way to the gardens of the palace. With the intuitive perception of courtiers, the bystanders fell back, and the pair, followed at a distance by two of Mary's ladies and Bothwell's page, left the apartments.

The cool fresh air of the gardens swept refreshingly over them after the heated atmosphere of the ball-room. Directly they were alone (for their attendants were at such a distance that they might converse freely without fear of being overheard), their manner towards each other underwent a sudden change. The formality of conversation which always exists between queen and courtier, was no longer maintained: their mutual deportment was more like that of equal to equal, or, to speak truly, of those between whom a more tender connexion exists.

"This night decides his fate," said Bothwell, gloomily.

"Poor Darnley!" said Mary, sorrowfully. "Oh! that his death were not necessary to the accomplishment of our purpose!"

"But that is impossible!" rejoined Bothwell; and to gain you—to quench the fire raging in my breast—I would overthrow barriers twice as powerful—commit crimes twice as heinous without remorse—for the end would sanctify the means!"

"At what hour," said Mary, shuddering, "must this deed be done?"

"At twelve; when the greater part of Edinburgh will be buried in slumber; at that hour, I and the other agents of the deed meet;—but weep not, Mary; wherefore shouldst thou lament his fate? Think of his conduct to thee—think of the murder of Rizzio, and rejoice that thou art so soon to leave the tyrant for one who loves, adores thee, whose breath hangs on thy lips!"

"'Tis not my fault," replied Mary, in the tone and manner peculiar to those who seek an excuse for that which they know to be wrong; "I never loved him—he was



leish, Wilson, and Powrie,\* remain on this rising ground, to give the alarm in case of the approach of any one. I, Paris, Hay, and Hepburn, will proceed."

So saying, he cast away his cloak, and, closely followed by the other three, scaled the wall. They then proceeded to the bottom of the garden and fetched a large barrel which had been carefully concealed among some bushes. With this they approached the house, and Bothwell, producing a key, unlocked a door which led into a small apartment at the back of the house, immediately beneath the room in which Darnley slept. A light burnt dimly in his chamber—Bothwell listened—not a sound was heard—the whole house was buried in profound repose. They entered silently, and, producing a dark lantern, proceeded to their murderous work. The head of the barrel was knocked out, and the powder spilt in a large heap upon the floor.

"Return to the rest," said Bothwell, in a low voice, to the others—"I will fire the train and rejoin you."

They obeyed without answering a word—a silent dread had crept over the bravest of them.

Bothwell, who, to all appearance, seemed calm, proceeded to lay a "lunt," or slow match, of three or four inches in length, upon the powder; he then slowly advanced the lantern towards the end of the match—for a moment he paused—what a whirlwind of thoughts rushed through his brain in that one instant!—but stamping his foot, as if to drive away any lurking irresolution, he fired the match, and hastily made his way towards the elevated spot in the monastery gardens where his accomplices stood.

Having reached it, he turned and looked towards the house. The moon shining clearly upon his countenance shewed that he was deadly pale;—his nostrils were dilated, his lips quivered, and his hands were so tightly clenched that the nails dug into the flesh—but not a limb trembled;—his strained eyes were fixed with painful intensity on the house before him.

As it lay so calmly slumbering in the moonshine—not a breath disturbing the silence which reigned around it—who could have foretold the awful change which another minute would bring over it!

The suspense was dreadful! At last, Bothwell, no longer able to bear it, said—

"The match must be out—I will return and see;" and heedless of the dreadful danger he incurred, he would have done so, had not the others withheld him by main force.

"In another instant, a crimson glare illumined the sky, putting to flight the pale

light of the moon, and colouring the ground with red—and then, with a crash far louder than the loudest thunder, beneath which the earth rocked and trembled as from an earthquake, the house was blown in fiery fragments high into the air.

That crash was the blast which summoned Darnley's soul to eternity.

### New Books.

*The Grammar of the English Language truly made easy and amusing.* By George Mudie. J. Clave, Fleet-street.

THIS ingenious and excellent work was, by some accident, put aside, and therefore escaped that review to which its merits deservedly entitle it. The mode by which Mr. Mudie instils a knowledge of grammar into the mind of the young is novel, yet, from close observation, we find that it is efficacious. Moveable parts of speech are called into use to exemplify the laws of grammar, which undergo many illustrative evolutions before the eyes of the students, who thus readily comprehend the various changes to which the parts of speech are subject. The work is divided into ten progressive parts, each of which is valuable on account of its simplicity; and the earlier lessons bear out our own, and now, indeed, the general opinion—that abstract rules should be carefully avoided till the pupil has become thoroughly acquainted with the "practical realities" of grammar. As an elementary work, in which the young, while amusing themselves, will learn the essence of education—speaking and writing correctly—it cannot fail to be appreciated.

### Mainer's Musical Times.

THAT the advance of that heart-soothing and truly beneficial science is daily taking place is a fact not to be doubted; that its wholesome influence is extending to the cabin of the poor as well as to the mansion of the rich, is a thing not less true. The editor of the periodical now before us has enlisted in its cause hundreds on hundreds, who have before this discovered the world of mental recreation which that science deals out so abundantly to its votaries; and who have, without doubt, found that it is of a profitable nature, leading the mind from that which debases man—the gin-shop, to studies of an ennobling character. *The Musical Times* is got up with the view of giving publicity to the editor's system of instruction, and of extending the classes. The present number promises fair, and contains several very amusing accounts of "the singing millions" on excursions of pleasure. The end that it has in view is praiseworthy and therefore secures our good wishes.

\* These are the real names of the subordinate actors in this nefarious transaction. See *History of Mary Queen of Scots*.

*Darby's Map of London, with all the Railway Stations; together with a Complete Index, comprising the Public Buildings, &c., 1842.* Darton and Clark.

By means of this map and the accompanying index a stranger may find out the locality of the most secluded street in the metropolis in half a minute. To make this evident some explanation is necessary. The map is divided into sections of half square miles, thus: a line is drawn from north to south, passing over the centre of St. Paul's, which is about the middle of the map; on each side of this line, at the distance of every half-mile, lines run from the top to the foot of the map; from east to west, a line cuts St. Paul's in the centre, and parallel with this line, on either side, lines are drawn every half-mile; at the sides, within the horizontal lines, are capital letters; at the top and foot, within the perpendicular lines, are numerical figures. Now, if a person be in quest of a particular street—suppose, for instance, it is Albion-street, Rotherhithe—by referring to the index, he finds opposite the name of that street F 12, and by applying to the map he finds the place desired within the square F 12; he is thus relieved from tediously poring over the map for half-an-hour.

*The Miniature Road-Book of Kent.* Darton and Clark.

THIS is an excellent waistcoat-pocket companion for travellers in Kent, whether they may be on business or pleasure. They can ascertain at a glance not only the distance of one town from another, and each from London, but the different villages through which they pass are also specified, with the days on which markets are held. A map, a topographical notice, and a census of the county from 1801 to 1841, are likewise given.

### Miscellaneous.

#### SCOTCH & GERMANS COMPARED.

It is a peculiar feature in the social condition of our lowest labouring class in Scotland, that none perhaps in Europe of the same class have so few physical, and so many intellectual, wants and gratifications. Luxury or even comfort in diet, or lodging, is unknown. Oatmeal, milk, potatoes, kail, herrings, and rarely salt meat, are the chief food; a wretched, dark, damp, mud-floored hovel, the usual kind of dwelling; dirt, disorder, sluttishness, and not too much good temper at the fireside, the ordinary habits of living; yet with these wants and discomforts in their physical condition, which is far below that of the same class abroad,

we never miss a book, perhaps a periodical, a sitting in the kirk, a good suit of clothes for Sunday wear, and an argument every day amounting to controversy, almost to quarrel, with some equally argumentacious neighbour upon subjects far above the reach of mind of the common man in other countries, and often carried on with an acuteness, intelligence, and play of mental power, especially in the discussion of abstract philosophical or religious subjects, which the educated classes in other countries scarcely attain, and which are strangely in contrast with the wants in their physical condition. The labouring man's subscriptions in Scotland to his book-club, his newspaper turn, his Bible society, his missionary society, his kirk and minister if he be a seceder, and his neighbourly aid of the distressed, are expenditure upon intellectual and moral gratifications of a higher cast than music-scraping, singing, dancing, play-going, novel-reading, or other diversions of a much higher class of people in Germany. The Scotch labouring man gives yearly considerable contributions to spread civilization and Christianity among people much better off, far more daintily fed, lodged, and clothed, in more physical comfort, and much farther removed from the wants and hardships of an uncivilized condition, than he is himself. This may be foolish, but it is noble and ennobling in the character of the lowest class of a people. The half-yearly shilling, given in all sincerity of purpose by the cotter-tenant of a turf-built hovel on a barren Scotch muir-land, to aid the missions for converting the South Sea Islanders or the Hindoos, is the noblest paid money, as far as regards the giver, in the Queen's dominions. There is also in the mind of the common man of Scotland an imaginative thread interwoven somehow, and often very queerly, with his hard, dry, precise way of thinking and acting in ordinary affairs, which makes the whole labouring class in Scotland of higher intellectuality than the same class in other countries. We often hear, what country but Scotland ever produced a Burns among her peasantry? But the real question of the social economist is, what country but Scotland ever produced a peasantry for whom a Burns could write? Burns had a public of his own in his own station in life, who could feel and appreciate his poetry, long before he was known to the upper class of Scotch people; and in fact, he was never known or appreciated by the upper class. In other countries it is the poetry of the higher educated class that works down to the people; as the poetry of Ariosto or Tasso, among the Italians; of the Niebelung, of the Saga, of the lays of the Troubadours, among the German, Scandinavian, and French people; or as ballads of Burger,



Goethe, and Schiller, are said to be now working downwards in Germany, and becoming folkslieder,—the songs and poetry of the people. But where have been poets belonging to the labouring class called into song by their own class? This is more extraordinary than the genius of the individual himself, this genius of the class for whom he composed. Is there any spark of this intellectual spirit among the common labouring people in the finer soils and climates of Europe? or does the little exertion of mind with which all physical wants may be supplied, and many physical enjoyments obtained in abundance, tend to form a heavy, material, unintellectual character, among the labouring class in Germany, which is confirmed by the state of pupillage and non-exertion of mind in which they are educated and kept by their governments; while the mind of the Scotch labouring man is stirred up and in perpetual exercise by the self-dependence, exertion, privation, forethought, moral restraint, and consideration required in his social position, in which neither climate nor poor-rate, neither natural nor artificial facilities of living without thinking, allow him to sink into apathy or mental indolence?

#### THE INFLUENCE OF OUR OPEN COURTS OF LAW ON THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

BUT there are other educational influences, of far more important action in forming the intellectual character of a people than schools or theatres, which the German people want, and the British possess. The social economist, who reflects upon our crowded open courts of law in the ordinary course of their business at Westminster Hall, or at the Court of Session, at the assizes or circuits, or sheriff-courts, in short, wherever any kind of judicial business is going on, and upon the eagerness and attention with which the common people follow out the proceedings even in cases of no public interest, will consider the bar, with its public oral pleadings, examinations of witnesses, and reasonings on events, a most important instrument in our national education. Whoever attends to the ordinary run of conversation among our middle and lower classes will think it no exaggeration to say that the bar is more influential perhaps than the pulpit, in forming the public mind, and in educating and exercising the mental powers of the people. It is a perpetual exercise in applying principle to actions, and actions to principle. This unceasing course of moral and intellectual education, enjoyed by our very lowest class in every locality, is wanting in Germany in general, owing to the different mode of judicial procedure in closed courts, by written pleadings or private hearings of

argument, and private examinations of facts and witnesses. Law and justice are perhaps as well administered in the one way as in the other; but the effects on the public mind, on the moral training of the character, and on the intellectuality and judgment of the common people, are very different. All schools for the people, all systems of national education, sink into insignificance, compared to the working of this vast open school for the public mind. We see its influence in the public press. Law cases are found to be the most interesting as well as the most instructive reading for the people, and our newspapers fill their columns with them. This taste has arisen also in France, since France has enjoyed open courts of law; and it is one of the most striking proofs of the social progress of the French people, that their theatres are deserted, and their courts of law crowded, and that their popular newspapers now report all interesting civil or criminal law cases.

#### INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

ANOTHER great educational influence wanting in Germany is the moving moral drama of human affairs and interests presented to the public mind by our newspaper press. This literature of the common people is unknown in Germany. Foreign newspapers do not furnish food for the mind of the common man. The newspaper public abroad is of a higher, more intellectual, more educated cast, than ours; but therefore more circumscribed,—a public of professional men, functionaries, scholars, men of acquirements, far above those of the mass of the people. It is to them, not to the people, that the press, both the literary and the periodical, and the pulpit also, in Germany, address themselves, by far too exclusively; and the mass of the people, the labourers and peasantry, are lost sight of. If we come down in German literature to what is intelligible to this lowest class, we find a great vacuity not filled up by those daily or weekly accounts of the real affairs and local business passing around them, which our country newspapers furnish to the mind of the common man, and which exercise and educate his intellectual and moral powers.

#### INFLUENCE OF THE RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

THE strictness — pharisaical strictness it may be — with which the repose of Sunday is observed in England, and particularly in Scotland, — the complete abstinence, not merely from work, but from amusement, is unquestionably a powerful educational influence in our social economy. Its religious value is not here considered. It may possibly produce as much hypocrisy as piety. But viewing it simply in its influence on

the intellectual culture of a people, and comparing its effects with the intellectual culture produced by the round of amusement to which Sunday is devoted on the Continent, the social economist will not hesitate to say that our strict observance, where it is the voluntary action of the public mind, and not an observance enforced by kirk sessions and town bailies, is of a higher educational tendency, and both indicates and produces a more intellectual character. The common man is thrown by it upon his own mental resources, reflections, and ideas, be they religious or not. He is not a mere recipient of fatigue for six days, and of amusement for one, without thought or mental exertion in the one state more than in the other—which is the Continental man's existence; but for one day he is in repose, and, without taking religion at all into consideration, is in a state of leisure in which he is thrown back upon reflection, judgment, memory of what he knows or has heard, and upon considering and reasoning upon his own affairs, whether spiritual or temporal. It is a valuable pause from manual labour, which, if filled up by mere amusement, is lost as to intellectual culture.

The want of religious dissent, and consequently of religious discussion among the people, is also the want of a powerful means of educating, and sharpening by controversy, the intellectual faculties of the lower orders of Germany.

#### THE EFFECTS OF THE DISCUSSION OF PUBLIC BUSINESS ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THE want, also, of public or common business, small or great, to discuss, or influence by their opinions or votes, and in which they can act freely, and according to their own will and judgment, without superintendence and control, tells fearfully against the development of the human intellect in this lowest class in Germany. It is the same cause, only in less intensity of force—viz., the want of exercise and excitement of the mental powers—which reduces to idiotcy or imbecility the inmate of the silent penitentiary. Here, in Germany, the government and the whole social economy of the country remove systematically all exercise of mental powers from the people, and reduce the common working German peasantry, the lowest but greatest class in the community, to a lower state of intellectuality than we are acquainted with in Great Britain, where, even in the most remote and solitary situations, there is, owing to the nature of our social economy and institutions, a perpetual stream of exciting and educating influences and circumstances acting on the mind of the common man. Here, this lowest class of the population are, intellectually, but big

children who know their letters. They are in a state of extreme inertness of mind. Take one of our uneducated people who can neither write nor read, converse with him, try his good sense, his judgment, his powers of comprehending, deciding, and acting within his sphere, and we find that the education of realities in our free, social state, through which this ignorant man's mind has passed in the various exciting circumstances which in our social condition daily exercise the faculties of every man in every station, has actually brought him to a higher intellectual and moral state—has made him a more thinking, energetic, right-acting character, than the passive human beings of the same class in Germany, who have had the education of the schools, but without the practical exercise of the mental powers afterwards in their social relations.

The blessings of school education let no man undervalue; but in our zeal for the education of the people let us not take the show for the substance, and imagine their education to consist in reading and writing, and not in the exercise and enjoyment of their own mental powers as free agents, acting in their own civil, political, moral, and religious duties as men and members of society. National schools, and theatres, and all that can be taught or represented by governments on the German system, are but poor substitutes for that education through the real business of life which can only be given to a people by free social institutions.

#### A SUNDAY AT GENEVA.

I HAPPENED to be at Geneva one Sunday morning as the bells were tolling to church. The very sounds which once called the powerful minds of a Calvin, a Knox, a Zwingli, to religious exercise and meditation, were now summoning the descendants of their contemporaries to the same house of prayer. There are few Scotchmen whose hearts would not respond to such a call. I hastened to the ancient cathedral, the church of Saint Peter, to see the pulpit from which Calvin had preached, to sit possibly in the very seat from which John Knox has listened, to hear the pure doctrines of Christianity from the preachers who now stand where once the great champions of the Reformation stood; to mark, too, the order and observances of the Calvinistic service here in its native church; to revive, too, in my mind Scotland and the picturesque Sabbath-days of Scotland in a foreign land. But where is the stream of citizens' families in the streets, so remarkable a feature in every Scotch town when the bells are tolling to church, family after family, all so decent and respectable in their Sunday clothes, the fathers and mothers

leading  
ing a  
quiet  
morn  
town  
centr  
whic  
Scot  
pait  
trin  
own  
Rom  
Gen  
ligio  
seat  
two  
on t  
ser  
abo  
two  
ger  
or  
lit  
wh  
mi  
ma  
" "  
lo  
at  
so  
in  
cl  
h  
a  
c  
s  
f  
t  
t



leading the younger children, and all walking silently churchwards? and where the quiet, the repose, the stillness of the Sabbath morning, so remarkable in every Scotch town and house? Geneva, the seat and centre of Calvinism, the fountain-head from which the pure and living waters of our Scottish Zion flow, the earthly source, the pattern, the Rome of our presbyterian doctrine and practice, has fallen lower from her own original doctrine and practice than ever Rome fell. Rome has still superstition: Geneva has not even that semblance of religion. In the head church of the original seat of Calvinism, in a city of five-and-twenty thousand souls, at the only service on the Sabbath-day—there being no evening service—I sat down in a congregation of about two hundred females, and three-and-twenty males, mostly elderly men of a former generation, with scarcely a youth, or boy, or working man among them. A meagre liturgy, or printed form of prayer, a sermon, which, as far as religion was concerned, might have figured the evening before at a meeting of some geological society as an “ingenious essay” on the Mosaic chronology, a couple of psalm tunes on the organ, and a waltz to go out with, were the church service. In the afternoon, the only service in towns or in the country is reading a chapter of the Bible to the children, and hearing them gabble over the Catechism in a way which shews they have not a glimpse of the meaning. A pleasure tour in the steam-boats, which are regularly advertised for a Sunday promenade round the lake, a picnic dinner in the country, and overflowing congregations in the evening at the theatre, the equestrian circus, the concert, saloons, ball-rooms, and coffee-houses, are all that distinguish Sunday from Monday in that city in which, three centuries before, Calvin moved the senate and the people to commit to the flames his own early friend Servetus, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and one of the first philosophers of that age, for presuming to differ in opinion and strength of argument from his own religious dogma. This is action and reaction in religious spirit, with a vengeance. In the village churches along the Protestant side of the Lake of Geneva—spots upon this earth, specially intended, the traveller would say, to elevate the mind of man to his Creator by the glories of the surrounding scenery—the rattling of the billiard-balls, the rumbling of the skittle-trough, the shout, the laugh, the distant shots of the rifle-gun clubs, are heard above the psalm, the sermon, and the barren forms of state-prescribed prayer, during the one brief service on Sundays, delivered to very scanty congregations, in fact, to a few females and a dozen or two old men, in very

populous parishes supplied with able and zealous ministers.—*Notes of a Traveller, by Samuel Laing.*

### THE DEAD ALIVE.

It is now some ten years since I entered Florence, a light-hearted, thoughtless coxcomb. Ball, masquerade, conversazione, engrossed my whole time, and my own attractive person nine-tenths of my thoughts. I was fond of the women—they were judicious enough to return the compliment. Flirtation followed flirtation. I swore unalterable affection to fifty beauties, and was quite ready to do so again to a new Cynthia of the minute, the next time a pair of inviting eyes looked tenderly upon me; but when I met Giulietta Monti, I felt what I had hitherto only professed to feel—the empire of love. The ideal of perfection which my fancy had pictured seemed to be realized in her, and my soul bent in adoration before her. I see her now, vividly as when first I met her,—her figure full, flowing, majestic; her dark and laming eyes, and her hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, braided upon a brow such as poets have fabled Minerva's to have been. She was a gorgeous creature. I loved her to distraction. Of course, I made a fool of myself—men in love always do; but I was a thriving wooer, and as blind as thriving wooers must be. Giulietta became my bride, and I retreated with her from the dangerous atmosphere of Florence to the cooler regions of Normandy, where my own estates lay. For a time, my Giulietta was all gentleness and womanly sweetness. We never quarrelled, except for kisses; and that was a strife which you may imagine was soon healed. But ere long the thunder began to shew itself in the sky, and my own beloved, I found, had the temper of the three Furies and a Fate. I loved repose and retirement; she was continually exclaiming against the monotony of a country life, and urging a visit to some of the gay capitals of Europe. I fancied, somehow, that it was not without private reasons that she longed so ardently for a return to the gaieties of town, as she was in the habit of receiving letters from male kinsmen I had never heard a word about, couched in a fervour of phraseology very unusual among relations. This confirmed me in my resolution; and tears, smiles, entreaties, and philippics were played off by my soul's divinity against it in vain. I wondered at her bad taste, that could look farther when such a man as myself was at her command; but familiarity, I have heard, breeds contempt, and merit is never duly prized by those about it.

Things were in this state, when a Colonel



rybdis. Revenge and hate, whenever they are impotent to put their fatal purposes into action, turn all their venom on the mind in which they lodge. I could not wish my deadliest foe to suffer one half-hour of the torment which I then endured. I fancied Giulietta in the hysterics of a painted passion, wringing her delicate fingers, as widows must, and stifling with her handkerchief the torrent of tears—that did not flow. This was the farce she would play for the public eye; but see her in her secret bower! “That way madness lay.” Her I could pity; but O’Neil, I could have seen him blasted at my feet, as the mountain fern is by the lightning.

Again the door opened, and there was the sound of many footsteps entering the room. Timidly and daintily they trode, and they spoke in the whispers of a quenchless grief, that would be forgotten only with their night’s repast. They had come to bear me to the tomb. One other effort, or it would be too late. With the whole energy of my will I essayed to move or utter a cry, but my endeavours were as fruitless as before. I felt the pall thrown across my face, and I thanked Heaven they had not nailed down the coffin-lid instead. Still did I cling to the hope of deliverance, faint and evanescent as it was.

I could not think of death, or fix my contemplation upon eternity. At another time, or in other circumstances, I might have looked upon dissolution with an eye as unquailing as the most of sinful men. Since that time, indeed, I have often wished for it, and could now shake hands with the dull-eyed king as with a friend; but it was different then, when all the horrors with which reality could surround, or fancy invest, the portal of the gloomy realm, were present to my mind, without the allay of one soothing image to divest them of their power. I have heard of suicides dying by painful and lingering deaths without quailing; nay, I have known young and delicate girls, in the glad spring-time of the year, lay themselves down among the pleasant flowers, and with the carol of woodland birds in their ears, and the bright blue sky looking over them, drain the potion that was to close their eyes upon the glorious earth for ever. Passion, headstrong, selfish passion, could alone have nerved them for such an act; but although the passion that made them woo death as a bride had possessed them with a tenfold strength, they would have recoiled from it with affright had it been presented to them as it was to me.

The chapel where I was to be buried stood upon the outskirts of a wood about a mile from my château. Thither I was borne, and laid at the mouth of the vault, while the choristers chanted, and the organ

pealed, a melodious euthanasia for my soul. What a mockery did it all appear to me!—to me, who was suffering more than mortal agony, while the choir were straining their throats in rapture at their own music, and the priest drawled through the service with the torpor of a recent surfeit hanging like lead upon his words. In bitterness of spirit I cursed the solemn farce, for such I thought it; and when the priest exclaimed, “Requiescat in pace,” I felt that I could have strangled him. The same statue-like apathy, however, continuing to reign throughout my frame, my whole energies were numbed, and I felt myself lowered into the vault without the power to move. But the agonizing prospect of the doom that hung over me roused me to more desperate efforts than before. Once more my will began to assert its control over my body, my limbs relaxed, and the organs of utterance again were free. But it was too late. The mouth of the vault had been closed, the organ’s swell died away in a distant and mournful strain, and all was still.

How frightful was that stillness—the hush of death’s cold slumber! Was death, I asked myself, a cessation of physical power merely, such as I had myself suffered? and did the spirit still haunt the dreary relics of humanity that I knew were lying around me? The thought made me shudder, and I listened for some shadowy voice to answer my conjecture. It was a foolish fancy. I, I alone was the only breathing, conscious tenant of the tomb. I feared to stir, to stretch forth hand or foot towards the clammy earth. My hand might clutch some bone, or my foot slip upon some crusading palmer-worm. Yet better that than endure the horror of my present position, and of the hideous phantoms that assailed my mind. The dank, unwholesome vapour of the place clung to me like a garment. If I continued as I was, I must soon have become torpid with cold, and delirious with affright.

I scarcely dared to look forward into the gloom. That it was peopled with phantoms and ghastly shapes was my conviction; I did not merely think, I knew it to be so. I pressed my eyelids together as earnestly as but a little before I had struggled to unclose them. But it was in vain that I did so. Pale, woe-worn faces, wistful and sad, bent over me with a sickly smile; then came spectral forms of uncouth presence, with haggard looks and bloodshot eyes, behind which the fires of bale seemed to be fiercely glowing. They grinned upon me in hideous wise, and with frantic gestures seemed about to clutch me in their grasp. The agony they inspired became too horrible for endurance, and my flesh began to creep, and the loathsome reptiles of the tomb appeared

to be already enmeshing me in their toils. I shook my nearly benumbed limbs to throw them from my flesh, and opening my eyes, stared out upon the darkness with desperate resolution. There was nothing to be seen, and I turned my gaze on every side in search of the phantoms which I thought were only concealing themselves from me for a time.

As my eyes grew more familiar with the gloom, I observed what seemed to be a ray of light streaming against a pillar at a distant part of the vault. A gleam of hope broke in upon me. There was, I remembered, a door that entered from the churchyard to the vault. It might be open. No sooner did the idea suggest itself than I started from my bier, and staggered forward in the direction of the light. The first touch of the oozy earth beneath me shot a chill through all my veins. It seemed as though it were fattened by the loathsome succulence of a thousand bodies. My knees shook beneath me, my body quivered from head to feet, and I reeled against the side of the vault for support, and caught at the object that lay nearest my hand. It crumbled beneath my pressure, and the falling of some splintered wood struck my ear. Still did I continue my grasp, unable otherwise to save myself from falling, when, merciful heavens! I found that I held a corpse in my embrace! The discovery, while it well-nigh maddened me, gave me a new impulse to proceed, and again I staggered forward in the direction of the light.

The reflection it shed was a sickly blue, that only lent additional horrors to the darkness, which it was insufficient to dispel. The projections of the buttresses, the quaintly carved heads that supported the spandrels of the arches, and the rich foliage of the cusps in which they terminated, seemed in the livid glimmer like the mocking visages of relentless demons. Just at the point where the light was burning, there was a turn in the vault; and, looking forward into it, a depth of gloom lay before me, as profound as that from which I had escaped. As I gazed, a shadowy figure seemed to emerge from the darkness and settle before my eyes. Another and another succeeded, and a line of black mail-clad forms seemed to sentinel the path through which I must advance. They appeared to stir with an unearthly life as the flicker of the light went and came upon their figures. Had I looked upon them longer, my brain must have burst. Better the blackness of darkness itself than the ghastly light of a feeble flame in such a place.

I turned towards the light, which was placed high in a recess within the wall. It was within my reach, and, tearing it from its place, I dashed the sexton's lantern (for such it was) against the figure that was

nearest me. It broke with a crash, and all was deepest night. Onwards I reeled in the direction where I knew the door to be. In my way, I stumbled against what seemed to be the marble statues of my ancestors. Were these the objects that had filled me with affright? I clung to one of them to assure myself of its reality; but, as I did so, it seemed as though some icy hand were grasping my throat from behind. I recoiled from the marble in dismay, and rushed forwards once more. O joy, the light shone through an opening! It was the door, which had been left ajar, and I stumbled over the sexton's pickaxe and spade, which had fallen between it and the wall, and in this way furnished an opening for my escape. Regaining my feet, I bounded forward into the moonlight, and rushed with unearthly speed towards my château.

You may picture the terror with which my domestics regarded my return, as I suddenly appeared before them in my shroud, with hair which the sufferings of a night had grizzled, and the cadaverous hue of death upon my face. I had just strength to inquire where their mistress was. She had left the château while the rest of the family were absent at the funeral, and with her had departed the companion of her shame. From that hour I have been an altered man. Melancholy has eaten into my being, and shapes of terror are perpetually before me,

"Lords of the visionary eye, whose lid,  
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall."

I pass from clime to clime, from continent to continent, seeking to forget myself; but crowd or solitude, sunshine or storm, it is still the same: there is no oblivion for me, and I must move onwards to my grave "a man forbid."

I was in Paris about eighteen months afterwards. One day a crowd arrested my progress. They were leading a man to execution, and a turn in the street brought the criminal into my view. I thought I knew the face, and inquired his name and crime of a man beside me. "He was a notorious gambler, calling himself Colonel O'Neile," was the reply, "and had been condemned to death for waylaying and murdering a gentleman on his way home from the gaming-table."—It was he!—the cause of all my misery, and I resolved to glut myself with his destruction. I hurried forward to the place of execution, and with much difficulty gained a conspicuous position near the guillotine. The prisoner advanced to the fatal knife with a firm step and fearless eye. But his glance fell upon me, and I could see his cheek blanch, and a shudder pass through his frame, although I was too far off to hear the exclamation that

burst from him. My purpose was accomplished. His firmness was shaken, and he died a trembling coward.

I was returning from the scene of O'Neile's death, when, happening to look round, I observed, at a short distance from me, a female elegantly dressed. She seemed to be watching me, for, as I turned, I saw her drop her veil hurriedly over her face, and turn away, as though she were anxious not to be observed. The figure appeared familiar to me; but I did not give the incident much attention. The time was, indeed, when to have been the object of a handsome woman's attentions would have quickened my vanity, and set my fancy to work; but that day was past.

"Love! Heaven should be implored for something else—  
For power to weep and to bow down one's soul."

I passed on without further notice; but as I entered the house where I was living, I thought I saw the same female again. She was moving along with an air of indifference, but not so as to prevent my seeing that she was making my movements the subject of marked observation. The symmetry of shape—the haughty step—it could be none other than *Giulietta*. What fools of passion we are! Despite of all that I had suffered at her hands, I yearned once more to look upon the face I had so often fed upon with rapture—once more to hold within my arms the form that I had once worshipped. The unworthy feeling, however, soon died within my heart, and I entered my hotel without casting one glance behind.

That night my dreams were horrible. Life, indeed, is to me no more than one long hideous dream, a phantasmagoria of horrors; but that night my sleep was troubled even more than usual. I awoke with a start, but could hardly trust my senses, as I beheld *Giulietta* looking down upon me. Her eyes burnt with an unnatural lustre, her lips were violently compressed and livid with passion. Her whole frame was wrrenched with some violent emotion, her right hand was thrust down vehemently by her side, and in it she held a dagger, that gleamed in the light of the fagots that were blazing on the hearth. All this a glance revealed to me, and I sprang up to stay her deadly purpose by wresting the weapon from her hand.

"*Giulietta!*" I exclaimed, "what have I done to merit this of you?"

"What have you not done?" was her reply. "You have wounded my pride, you have triumphed in the death of him I loved, you have escaped my revenge. I thought your dust had long been mingling with the putrid earth, and now you start from the grave to gloat on my misfortunes, and

reproach me for what you call my guilt. I only grieve that it has done but half its work."

"Remember, *Giulietta*, what I was; look on me now, and think what your handiwork has made me."

"I do see, and I do remember, and therefore I rejoice. Live, and be wretched, and know that I hate you now, as I have ever done!"

Much more passed of a similar tenour, which it is needless to relate. Her words were but the ravings of a passionate, unprincipled, and disappointed woman; and I suffered her to pass from the room without question of any sort, for such I knew would be fruitless. She still lives to betray more men, the same heartless, guilty thing as ever—"a weed of glorious feature," it is true, but doomed sooner or later to perish in its own rankness. Heaven's righteous vengeance, that has struck down the companion of her guilt, is but delayed. One day it will overtake *her* too—dark, sweeping, and unsparing. I shall watch the hour, and then she shall find me at her side; but not to triumph. No, no! Thank Heaven! I long have buried my revenge, and learned the blessed lesson of forgiveness.  
—*Fraser's Magazine*.

#### A BULL-FIGHT WHICH WAS NO BULL-FIGHT.

I WILL here venture to describe a bull-fight at Algeiras, the first amusement of the kind I ever witnessed, and which at the same time was not a bull-fight: this will require some explanation. The bulls exhibited were merely "*novillos*," or youngsters, and intended more for practice in the arena than anything else; in consideration of which, out of five or six, the spectators were contented with the death of one only; for some blood on these occasions *must* be spilt, or else the audience, particularly the ladies, are not satisfied. The place for the bull-fight is exactly like one of the amphitheatres seen in Italy, with this difference,—that it is constructed of wood, and when filled, presented an enlivening spectacle.

About five o'clock, three or four men, handsomely dressed in short jackets, breeches, and white stockings, entered the arena, each carrying in his hand a flowing scarf, of the most brilliant colours; these persons are called the "*Chulos*." A large door was immediately thrown open, and in bounded a fine young bull, about two years old, with all the activity of an antelope. He stopped for a minute in the centre of the arena, as if stupefied with the unexpected sight and noise;—for thunders of applause rang from every side. It was, however, but a momentary stop; he made



a rush at one of the gentlemen in the breeches,—who shook his scarf in the bull's face, jumped out of the way, and another took his place; and it was truly astonishing to see the activity with which they evaded the fury of the brute;—running before him, whilst the scarf kept streaming behind, at which the enraged animal made ineffectual charges, till his adversary gained the pallsades, up which he would either leap like a cat, or get behind small partitions put there for the purpose.

This continued for some time, when the folding-doors were again thrown open, and then, oh! ye gods, what a sight appeared! As this was not a real bull-fight, it was made a burlesque of, and the usual "Picador," or mounted horseman with the spear, was represented by a black fellow, in a cocked hat and a harlequin's dress, and mounted on a horse to which that of Don Quixote was a Bucephalus. After a good deal of pushing and flogging, Blacky and his charger were at last got into the centre of the arena.

The bull appeared astonished at the sight; made one charge, then stopped short, and began again to pursue his pedestrian antagonists. In the meantime, Quashy shewed an undaunted countenance; he tried by every means to urge his charger towards the bull, but with no avail. The object was evidently the death of the horse, and the overthrow of old Quashy; to effect this, the footmen, when pursued, ran behind the Rosinante, but still the bull did not like his appearance, and kept aloof. At last he pursued one of his enemies very near the knight, continued his course, and we all thought would have tumbled both over; but Blacky shewed great pluck, and received him on the point of his spear, which entered his shoulder, and the bull immediately turned off, and galloped to another part of the arena, the blood gushing from the wound.

This exploit of Blacky's was followed by shouts of applause, loud and long, and a second charge of the bull had the same result, he still continuing to provoke the beast by the exclamations of "Ouf! Toro! Toro! Ouf!" On a third attempt, the spear missed him; his horns were fixed in the horse's shoulder, and both he and rider rolled over. Had it been an old bull, he would have had great fun with his fallen antagonist; but the present one was young and tender-hearted, and appeared content with the overthrow of his foe. The black knight limped out of the lists, sadly covered with dust; and the horse, not being fortunate enough to be killed outright, was with much difficulty got on his legs, and, covered with blood and dirt, led away for some future occasion.

Now begins the most barbarous part of

the work. Whilst the horse was being removed, the "bandarillos" were introduced; these are pieces of stick, about a yard long, adorned with paper, cut in fantastic shapes, and armed at one end with a barbed point, ending like a fish-hook, or harpoon. One of these being held in each hand, the Bandarillero advances towards the bull, and provokes him to charge; he allows him to come up quite close to him, and when the animal's head is lowered, in the act of rushing forward, he leans over the horns, and plants the two harpoons, if I may so call them, into each side of the neck, and with surprising agility jumps aside.

The bull, roaring with pain and fury, the bandarillos still hanging in his neck, rushes in every direction about the arena, till, at another charge, he receives one or two more, and is at last reduced to a state of frenzy, and bristling with darts. The finale now approaches; the "Matador," with a long sword in one hand, and a flag in the other, goes before him, and is instantly charged; he allows the "Toro" to gore the flag, steps nimbly aside, and plunges the sword up to the hilt between the shoulder-blades. The blood gushes out in torrents, the bull makes two or three steps forward, looks round for a moment, staggers, and falls. A knife is immediately driven into his spinal marrow, a little behind the horns, and the poor animal is relieved from its tortures.

All this takes place amidst the most deafening shouts, and the waving of handkerchiefs of the ladies, particularly when blood is drawn. I never before could imagine how the Furies should be personified by women; but after witnessing a bull-fight, I can do so. It is no doubt a most barbarous amusement, though extremely exciting; but that women, whom we are taught to believe of a gentle nature, should delight in such a bloody diversion, passes all belief. — *Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean.*

#### SPLENDID MOUNTAIN SCENERY, VIRGINIA.

OUR ascent of the first ridge, called Sweet Spring Mountain, occupied us about four hours; but it was four hours of continuous delight. The views grew richer and more romantic as we ascended; and from the summit the prospect was surpassingly grand. The hour's descent of the mountain on the other side was also one of similar enjoyment, for the valleys below us to the eastward were even more fertile and beautiful than those we had left. But the crowning triumph, of the romantic and sublime, was reserved for our ascent of the second ridge, called Prince's Mountain, which took us



about four hours more to wind slowly up, halting at short intervals to give rest to our horses, and to drink in the splendid beauties of which the surrounding scene was so full. The grandeur of the prospect, and the depth and solemnity of its effect upon the feelings, were indescribable. I had crossed many loftier mountains than these—Lebanon, in Palestine, and Zagros and Louristan in Persia, especially—but even in the former, rich and beautiful as it is in scenes of the greatest loveliness, they seemed to me all inferior to the unrivalled splendour revealed to our delighted vision, by the progressive winding ascent of the western slope of Prince's Mountain. As the road went zig-zag up the steep slope of this magnificent barrier, it was almost always overhanging a deep glen, and in some places seemed to be on the very edge of a perpendicular precipice. Dark valleys and towering trees appeared, therefore, constantly beneath us, in perpetually descending terraces, every variety of tint being communicated to their wavy surfaces by varieties in distance alone. As we ascended higher and higher up the mountain, every elevation of a few hundred feet opened new ranges of hills, rising one above the other to the north and west, on the left and behind us; until, as we drew near the summit, a boundless view to the north-west opened to us not less than fifty separate ridges of hills, rising one behind the other in irregular succession, each characterized by some distinct feature in outline and colour, and the whole gradually receding into the blue distance, till land and sky were blended into one. The visible horizon was thought to extend one hundred miles in that direction at least, and the vista comprehended every element of grandeur and beauty. It reminded me forcibly of some of the landscape illustrations of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, from the pencil of Martin, where mountain, piled on mountain, goes on with accumulated grandeur, rising above and yet receding beyond each other, till they are lost in the immensity of space; while the valley of the foreground has all the softest features of rural beauty that could be expected to adorn the Garden of Eden! Magnificent as are many portions of these United States in their scenery, Virginia carries off the palm; and the territory of "The Old Dominion," not only forms the largest of all the States, but must, I think, be pronounced, by all impartial witnesses, to be the most grand and the most beautiful.—*Buckingham's America.*

#### THE LION SENTRY.

A MAN belonging to Mr. Schmelen's congregation, at Bethany, returning home-

wards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he lay down his gun on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and, being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time, the heat reflected from the rock awoke him; and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with his eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind, then eyeing his gun moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised its head, and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind him as he went, lest the man should move; and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned back in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed; the man, in describing it, said he knew not whether he slept; but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water; and, while there, he listened to some noise apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ancles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water and drank; but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his "toes roasted," and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat for a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through its head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees to the nearest path, hoping some

solitary individual might pass. He could go no further, when, providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life.—*Moffat's Labours in South Africa*.

### The Gatherer.

*Tobacco*.—So sensible is every brute creature of the poisonous and deleterious quality of this plant, that not one of all the various tribes of beasts, birds, or reptiles, has ever been known to taste of it. It has been reserved to man alone to make of this poison plant an article of daily necessity for the gratification of his depraved appetite.

*Shells*.—A large collection, consisting of above 13,000 specimens, has lately been sold by the Messrs. Stevens. Among the rare lots were the following, to which we have attached the prices:—*Conus Malacanus*, fine, 1*l.* 1*s.*; *Cardium elatum*, fine, 1*l.* 5*s.*; a fine specimen of the *Magilis antiquus*, 1*l.* 14*s.*; *Conus aurisiacus*, with a young specimen, 1*l.* 16*s.*; a species of *Ungulina*, from Senegal, 1*l.* 4*s.*; a fine and scarce *Helix*, 1*l.* 10*s.*; a richly-coloured specimen of the *Conus nobilis*, 1*l.* 8*s.*; *Marginella Goodallii*, in two different stages of growth, 3*l.* 15*s.*; a fine specimen of the *Voluta fulgetrum*, 8*l.* 15*s.*; a unique *Cypræa* in a young state, from New Holland, 3*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; two fine specimens of the *Cypræa Reevii*, 6*l.* 6*s.*; *Conus Centurio*, 2*l.* 2*s.*; *Conus Genuanus*, rich in colour, 4*l.*; a fine specimen of the *Voluta Junonia*, 12*l.* 15*s.*; of the *Conus Cedo Nulli*, 4*l.* 10*s.*; *Pyrala Corona* 2*l.* 8*s.*

*A Priestly Duellist*.—Cologne, July 8.—Last week there was a duel in our neighbourhood between an officer and a travelling catholic priest, the result of which was not a little astonishing, as the priest knew how to manage the sabre as skilfully as it ever was wielded by any of the prelates of the middle ages, who often distinguished themselves by their personal bravery in the imperial levees. Dining in a tavern with several officers, the conversation, at first quite harmless, took a turn which offended the priest. He stood up and was about to go away. A young officer stopped him, and said that his rising to go was an insult to the whole company, for which he ought to apologize. A struggle commenced, which ended in an appeal to the sword. The priest disarmed his antagonist twice without shedding a drop of blood. At last, as the young officer constantly returned to the charge, the priest gave him a severe cut on the head, which put an end to the combat. A surgeon dressed the wounded youth, and he will soon recover.

*The Late Solar Eclipse*.—We have been indulged with a perusal of a private letter from that excellent astronomer F. Baily, Esq., giving an account of this superb phenomenon, as witnessed by himself at Pavia, over which town the line of central darkness exactly passed. The appearances were every way extraordinary, unexpected, and most singular. At the moment when the total obscuration commenced, a brilliant crown of glory encircled the moon, like the "Aureola" which catholic painters append to their saints. Suddenly, from the border of the black and labouring moon, thus singularly enshrined, burst forth at three distinct points, within the aureola, purple or lilac flames! visible to every eye. At this moment, from the whole assembled population of the town, a simultaneous and deafening shout broke forth. A similar manifestation of popular feeling is recorded at Milan, occasioned by the selfsame astonishing spectacle, accompanied, in the latter instance, with a general "*Huzzah! vivent les astronomes!*" The eclipse was also viewed from the Superga, near Turin, by our Astronomer Royal, Mr. Airy, apparently under less favourable circumstances. We have yet heard of no astronomer witnessing from a great elevation on the Alps the shadow striding from peak to peak, or blotting in succession the fair fields of North Italy. Such an exhibition must have been, perhaps, the sublimest which the eye of man can ever witness as a mere physical phenomenon.—*Athenæum*.

*Consumption of Butcher's Meat in Paris*.—*Le Commerce* states that there were consumed in Paris during the past month of June, 5091 oxen, 1172 cows, 6887 calves, and 33,758 sheep. In the month of June, 1841, there were consumed 5029 oxen, 1738 cows, 5523 calves, and 34,520 sheep. From this comparison of the two months it results that in June, 1842, there has been an increase of 62 oxen and 1364 calves, and a decrease of 566 cows and 762 sheep. The consumption of the first six months of 1842 was as follows—viz.: 36,028 oxen, 8033 cows, 34,934 calves, and 214,534 sheep. The consumption of the first six months of 1841 was as follows—viz.: 35,029 oxen, 10,765 cows, 32,552 calves, and 212,155 sheep, exhibiting an increase, in favour of the year 1842, of 599 oxen, 2382 calves, and 2379 sheep, and a decrease of 2682 cows.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"O. S." "L. A. T." "A. C. M." "T. O."  
"G. H." "Zeta," "F. A." "G. T." "A. L. L."  
"V. Q." declined, with thanks.  
"V. I." "Z." "F. A. H." received.

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM,  
1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold  
by all Booksellers and Newsmen.  
T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.